

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

MEETING OF THE WATERS.



There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
'Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green :
It was *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill—
Oh, no !—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear ;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best ;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

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